



12/10/14

Derry - Arva

A

SHORT RAMBLE

THROUGH SOME PARTS OF

FRANCE and ITALY.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

D^r John Armstrong born
in Castleton Parish Roxburgh
shire - took his degree in
Physick at Edinburgh published
many medical books &
some Poems, Amongst
others the necessity of
having a due set of pre-
serving Health - died
Sept^r 1779.

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SHORT RAMBLE

THROUGH SOME PARTS OF

FRANCE and ITALY.

*By J. Armstrong with notes
name of*

By LANCELOT TEMPLE, Esq.

J. John Armstrong

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M,DCC,LXXI.

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EMANCIPATION
BY FRANCIS AND MARY
BY LANCETOT TEMPLE



Printed by T. Cadell
1851

A

SHORT RAMBLE

Through some Parts of

FRANCE and ITALY.

THREE Gentlemen, of
great physical abilities, who had attended me from time to time, during the course of an obstinate indisposition,

B

position, finding at last that I would not swallow one ounce more of any stuff from the Apothecary's shop; upon a solemn Consultation, in which it was debated, whether to stew me at Buxton, or boil me at Caldas, or send me to freeze in the cold steel springs of Pyrmont, at last agreed to sentence me to a Sea-voyage, for the recovery of my Health.

Accord-

Accordingly, on the eighth of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy, I went on board the *Roman Eagle*, bound for Italy; and, after eight and twenty days experience of all the weather to which the seas are exposed, from an insipid tiresome Calm, to a raging Storm, the *yeasty waves* threw me ashore at Genoa.

After a dangerous passage from GRAVESEND to the DOWNS, through shoals and narrow winding channels, which, as the weather happened to be boisterous, employed all the attention and dexterity of a skilful pilot, the first object I can recollect to have struck me, was the mad, savage, tyger- and leopard-like appearance and motions

motions of the *multitudinous* sea, in crossing the mouth of a stormy Gulf, which they told me was the Bay of BISCAY. Sailing round the North-west of SPAIN and PORTUGAL, you observe a coast naked, barren, and uncomfortable, without any thing entertaining to the eye. Entering the Straits, we came very near MONTE SINGE;* a heap of

* *Ape's Hill*, in English.

rocky hills upon the coast of BARBARY, inhabited, if there is any meaning in its name, by the most detestable of all animals. But unhappily we lost the sight of GIBRALTAR, by passing it under night. Our next amusement, as to prospect, was a view of the stern, inhospitable, savage mountains of GRANADA, covered with eternal snow.

The

The appearance of GENOA from the sea, I had always heard represented as *superb*. I thought it agreeable and elegant; but was not struck with its magnificence, till I found such streets and palaces as are not to be met with in every town. How happy I am, not to have been at the head of the British ministry, some time between

twenty and thirty years ago,
 when I should very probably,
 in a hot fit of vengeance, *have*
rolled her trembling domes in
smoaky ruin!—O good God! to
 demolish a noble city, where
 doubtless many worthy amiable
 Men live, as well as a great num-
 ber of lovely Women! — It is
 frightful to think of it! But,
 thank Heaven, they have all
 escaped my blind national re-
 sentment;

sentment; which must have involved great numbers of innocent People, in the same fate with those few who had provoked my indignation.

In passing along the streets of GENOA, a Foreigner who comes from some parts of the world, must soon observe it, as something at once particular and agreeable; that no one
there,

there, from the highest to the lowest, ever stops or turns round to look at a stranger. Were you ever such an outlandish Fish, they mind you no more than if you was one of themselves. When you enter the idlest Coffee-room there, they don't, like a parcel of ill-bred Boobies, stare at you as if you were a Shew; neither does the whisper go round,

round, “Who’s this? whence comes he? what’s his Business here?” Nor do the Ladies, as you meet them, turn up their nose, because they never saw you before. I don’t mention this natural good sense and politeness as peculiar to GENOA; you find it, as far as my observation goes, in every Town throughout FRANCE and ITALY.

The Palaces at GENOA are adorned with the most elegant of all Furniture, fine Painting and Sculpture; and are most obligingly accessible to all decent strangers—even to Savages: For I remember, that happening to be one of a Crowd who were with much ease and complaisance admitted to see the paintings in the PALLAZZO DURAZZI; not one
of

of the whole Herd, except myself, and perhaps two or three more, who were lost in the mob, had the decency to pull off his hat as the Lady of the House past through an apartment where we were engaged in admiring the Pictures. What makes this still the more painful to the memory, and indeed the more astonishing, the Countess DURAZZO was not
only

only young and handsome, but to judge by her Appearance and behaviour at the Play, where I had seen her oftener than once, particularly sensible and well-bred.

From GENOA, a Boat of six oars, called a *Felucca*, after a Navigation of two nights and a day, landed me at GOMBO; from whence I had a very agree-

agreeable Drive, of two leagues, to PISA. After admiring the situation of that renowned City, more than its Curiosities, I proceeded to FLORENCE, impatient to see the Grand Duke's Collection, and particularly the celebrated VENUS.

This Goddess did not appear to me that vain wanton conscious triumphant Beauty
 I ex-

I expected, from the description of some Travellers, to find her. On the contrary, she looks timorous, bashful and coy; almost distressed and unhappy. In her present humour you would think it must cost the gallant God of War himself, a great many stratagems and wanton Tricks to conquer her delicate, dignified, celestial Prudery. You don't perceive

in her that amorous Fire, that Meaning, those Expressions, which make even an ugly woman charming. As to Shape and Person, nothing can be more perfect or exquisite, though some *Connoisseurs* complain that her Ancles are rather too thick. I believe they are mistaken: but there are people who think the only office of a critic is to discover Faults; and they

C may

may sometimes succeed in that,
 who are too dull ever to relish
 a Beauty.

As to the other wonders of
 the Grand Duke's Gallery, and
 the *Tribuna*, they have either
 already been, or soon will be,
 described by Genius's of much
 superior Lights to mine.—So,
 jogging on from FLORENCE
 to ROME as a mere Traveller ;
 you'll

you'll see from the Top of VITERBO early on a morning in Summer or Autumn, the distant Hills asleep, like Whales upon a white Sea of Clouds. I can't, at present, stay to explain the meaning of this Observation, as it is natural for a Traveller, deeply smit with the Love of ancient and modern *Arts and Sciences*, to drive on with the most precipitate impatience to

ROME.

After viewing the melancholy carious remains of old Roman Architecture; amongst which, the Amphitheatre of TITUS, commonly called the COLLISEO, that contained seventy-two thousand Spectators of inhuman Shews, makes a most stupendous Figure; you'll be delighted with the elegant magnificence of ST. PETER's, which expands its
ample

ample Arms with a paternal. X
 Benignity to receive you.
 Notwithstanding its extensive
 Size, the Grandeur and Dig-
 nity of its appearance, it is
 much more gracious and invit-
 ing than awful. But the soli-
 dity of the Pillars, which sup-
 port its sublime *Cupola*, is so
 weakened by the Chevalier
Bernini's conceited Screws of ?
 stairs, and so hollowed with ?

four niches, to make room for his clumsy Evangelists ; that a most noble Building, which might have stood as long as the Pantheon, already begins to crack into hideous Flaws, and must make a horrible crush long before its natural Time.

The powers of MICHAEL ANGELO were still greater, as a Statuary and a Painter, than

as the Architect of ST. PETER'S.

In the CAPELLA SISTINA
you behold a prodigious display
of sublime, melancholy, and
dreadful Imagination. The
Figures of the Prophets and
Sybills upon the cieling, for
noble Simplicity, and various
expressions of solemn Medita-
tion and divine Enthufiasm,
are above the common Standard
of human Nature. His LAST

C 4

DAY,

DAY, which fills the upper end of the Chapel, is magnificently terrible. However, amidst all its dreadful solemnity, the Captain of the infernal *Felucca*, at the bottom of the Piece, with his Cargo of *Patriots*, is a ridiculous fellow. MICHAEL ANGELO could have made him a dreadful figure, but not with those long sharp ears: he might almost as well

well have dress'd him in a Chancellor's wig, and stuck a blue Cockade upon his hat. But there is no Perfection in human nature, nor any great work without some Flaw.

Those sublime productions of an extraordinary Genius, might be much improved by a few free Touches of a common House-painter; who with a
brush

brush dipt in whiting, could in a very short time dash out all the insipid dirty mob of unmeaning Figures that disgrace the side walls of the *Capella Sistina*. This simple operation would throw such a light upon the Paintings, as could not fail greatly to heighten their effect. For the *Capella* is at present more gloomy than one would wish. And indeed many capital
tal

tal Pictures both in ITALY and FRANCE, are in a great measure lost for want of sufficient Light, or from disadvantageous Lights. Often in their Churches you cannot see the bottom of a fine Picture for tall Candles and Crucifixes. What is still more tantalizing and provoking, you cannot see some first-rate Pictures, for a great glaring window, either
above,

above, or beneath, or on one or both sides of them. It is hardly sufficient, one would imagine, merely to possess those admirable works of Genius. If they are not shewn to advantage they are lost, and might as well be packt up and deposited in a warehouse or a lumber garret. Proper Situation and Light are surely as necessary to a Picture, as good Execution

cution is to a piece of Music, or as reading well is to the Performances of a writer, whether in verse or prose. But the most mortifying Circumstance of all, to a Lover of Painting, is that many Pictures, both in France and Italy, which ought to last to the general Conflagration, are so unmercifully exposed to all the rudeness of the Elements, that

some

some of them are already almost quite effaced and vanished; and upon others the weather will in a short time finish what the base thievish cowardly *scratches* of Gothick Envy had begun.

I happened luckily to come to Rome just before the annual Exhibition of the Cartons in Tapestry. They are in all
twelve;

twelve; clumsily copied, but you can easily judge that the seven preserved in England are the best. The subjects of the remaining five are the Nativity, the Massacre of the Children, the Resurrection, the Descent of the Cloven Tongues of Fire, which, with all due respect to *Raphael*, seems to be a very strange subject for a picture, and has a most unnatural effect.

The last of the five is the Conversion of St. Paul. Upon considering those bungled Imitations of such divine Originals, one would wish, if it was possible, to see such copies of them as you might expect from the Manufactory at the *Gobelins*, in its present state of Perfection.

As to the capital pieces of ancient Sculpture at ROME—

To

To say any thing of the celebrated LAOCOON could only be repeating what must have been often said before. For the TORSO, I refer you to the *Connoisseurs*, and those who admire it after one another by report. For me, my admiration arises from the anatomical Truth, the natural masterly ease to be traced in this deplorable Fragment: which I should very

D probably

probably have past without the least notice ; if I had not seen it mounted upon a handsome Pedestal, furrounded with an iron rail, and known that it was the celebrated Study of *Michael Angelo*.

The ANTINOUS is a well-shaped, insipid young Man. But the APOLLO! — If I was a Woman, I should be more

in love with the APOLLO than as a Man I am with the VENUS. For I have seen many women whom I should prefer to the VENUS ; but never such a beautiful graceful sublime figure of a man as the Apollo is.—I have heard sensible people say that a man has nothing to do with beauty—That a man is handsome enough if he does not frighten his Horse, is a

coarse kind of Proverb. But is Beauty confined to one sex? If you have a handsome mare, does it signify nothing what an awkward clumsy beast your horse be? Beauty most certainly belongs equally to both sexes; and a disagreeable-looking man, let his face be never so smooth sleek and blooming, is no less disgusting than

than an ill-favoured woman, whose countenance is either insipid or has bad expressions. For it is not a fine complexion, it is not even regularity of features — it is meaning, it is sweetness, sense and spirit that makes Beauty; and an indifferent or even a disgusting Woman to one may be an Angel to another.

Mankind are naturally curious to see the Faces and Persons of such as have been eminent for Talents or Qualities either very good or very bad: and from this principle chiefly I find a particular Entertainment in good Bustos and Portraits. JULIUS CÆSAR by the Bustos I saw of him, seems anxiously and unhappily serious: a severe attention and application

application of mind is exprest
 in his sensible Countenance;
 which appears marked with
 strong lines of Care, and the
 Fatigues of a vigilant unre-
 mitting Ambition. Some Tra-
 vellers, if I am not mistaken,
 have discovered a striking re-
 semblance between the Bustos
 of TIBERIUS and CHARLES
 the Second of Great BRIT-
 TAIN. For my part, I could

not find it. The Head of
TIBERIUS to the best of my
Memory is remarkably flat.
The face is rather smooth, and
has an air of vacancy that
means nothing either good-
natured or genial; with some-
thing like an affected Smile,
which is the worst of all
Frowns. A primitive rural
Simplicity, a happy smiling
familiar unaffected Benignity,
invites

invites you in the Bustos of the Emperour TRAJAN, whose character as a great and a good man has never been disputed. In PERTINAX, whose great merit from the shortness of his Reign is too little known, you see a strong Expression of manly Firmness, good Sense and Honesty; and in ADRIAN the Look and Air of a sensible, pleasant, conversible, good-natured man. MESSA-
LINA

LINA is not so handsome as perhaps you would expect to find her; but you have not a fair View of her, as she stands with her back to the wall, and an impertinent Window behind.

NERO, by one particular Bust of him, is a mere vulgar Ruffian aiming at your Throat.

His mad uncle CALIGULA, has a strong resemblance of his handsome Mother the elder

AGRIP-

AGRIPPINA.—But as this is an endless subject, I don't chuse to engage myself any further in it.

As you may suppose I have by this time lived in ITALY above two months, I reckon myself perfectly acquainted with the Manners, Genius, and Dispositions of the People; in which I find a considerable
Variety;

Variety ; but for the sake of Method I chuse to divide them into three classes, the good, the bad, and the indifferent. Each of which I shall exhibit to your View some other time— if I don't forget. At present I shall only observe, that there are many good, more bad, and a great majority of indifferents.

I have some time since been
informed

informed by an agreeable and worthy Friend, that by leaving ROME too soon, I lost a favourable Opportunity of being introduced to several persons of great Distinction; particularly to one of the finest * Gentlemen of the Age, at the same time a most elegant Writer both in Prose and Verse; with whom I
 might

* His Eminence the *Cardinal de Bernis*, *Ministre Plenipotentiaire* from the French Court.

might have enjoyed the honour and happiness of conversing, without the Disgrace and awkward fatigue of murdering any Language one is not accustomed to speak. This Loss I consider as a serious Misfortune, and shall lament it as long as I live.

I should probably have had the Honour too of being presented to the POPE along with
some

some *English* Gentlemen, who had an audience of his HOLINESS soon after I left ROME. Though there may be something awkward and impertinent in what, as a superficial Spectator, I am going to say; CLEMENT the fourteenth has an appearance and manner very agreeable. If one may presume to judge from a few transient Views, there is a pleasant
good-

good-natured Archnefs in his Look, which is loft in all the Coins and Pictures I have feen of him. He is extremely well spoke of, both as to Abilities, Spirit, and Difpofition; and though turned of fixty, may live to do a great deal of good. Particularly as they fay he is much difpofed to encourage Agriculture, for which there is great room and no little need,

in

in a large Extent of flat melancholy idle Defart, whose rich Soil, for want of Cultivation, exhales such a putrid malignant Vapour, that in the heats of July and August it is reckoned almost mortal to Travellers ; while the few Inhabitants lead an anxious miserable Life, under perpetual Apprehensions of a malignant Fever, which is only not quite pestilential.

As I came to ROME rather late in *May*, when almost all the *English* had left it, I found it impossible to make up a *Partie* for a journey to NAPLES; and to travel alone is not by any means to my Taste: though it was afterwards my Fate to make a solitary enough Journey, of six days, from ROME to LEGHORN, in Company with my

own Servant, the *Vetturino*,
and two Mules.

After having enjoyed above
a fortnight of domestic Happi-
ness with a worthy old Friend,
in the agreeable Society of two
small Families who lived most
cordially together on the Side
of MONTE NERO, a roman-
tic Mountain, which affords
great Variety of Situation to

a number of little Villa's, and looks over the Sea at about the distance of four English miles from LEGHORN: I procured at last a place in a small Vessel called a *Tartan*, bound for MARSEILLES; where we arrived after a Voyage of five days.

The Captain, a native of MARSEILLES, was a good-natured

natured obliging Man, and did every thing in his power to amuse my solitary Situation; for my trusty *Valentian* and I were his only Passengers.— During this little Voyage it was something to me particularly remarkable, that constantly every day the Captain read the morning and evening Service out of the *Missal* to his Crew: from which, as he was

no Methodist, I concluded it to be an universal Practice amongst the Roman Catholic Sailors. And it were devoutly to be wished, that in some Protestant Countries, there was more Attention paid than there is to the spiritual knowledge and discipline of the lower People. It would have a civilizing effect upon their Manners; and make them both much happier in themselves,

selves, and more valuable Members of Society.

At MARSEILLES, which is a pleasant agreeable Town, my great Amusement was to observe the poor Galley Slaves industriously plying their different Occupations, every one in his own Booth upon the Keys; a very entertaining walk. As far as I understand Phisiog-

E 4 nomy,

nomy, very few of those unhappy People looked worse than the common run of Mankind. But, what is most seriously deplorable, many of those poor Creatures have lost their Liberty, and are condemned to a life of nasty misery and ignominy for small Offences; such as the unexpiable Crime of having murdered a *royal* Hare or Partridge, or a most
noble

noble Pheasant.—What a precious Blessing is Liberty? But like Health, People are perhaps never properly sensible of its Value till they have lost it. However, a Debauchee who has no Family nor Connexions, may use his own Constitution as freely as he pleases; but no *Patriot* has any right by an indecent intolerable Abuse of his own Liberty to sport away mine.

That

That part of PROVENCE and DAUPHINY through which the road runs from MARSEILLES to LYONS, has a meagre hungry look, and is in general a naked Skeleton of a Country; yet richer than it seems to be after Harvest is over, in which bleak and bald condition I saw it. For the Vine, though a picturesque Plant, makes no great figure in

a Landscape; and the Olive with all his balsamic Bounties is an uncomfortable Creature to look at; not much more genial than the Willow.

At LYONS I pass three or four days very agreeably; which I owed chiefly to the polite humane unaffected Attention of Mr. *Chapeaurouge*, a worthy young Gentleman, a
Merchant

Merchant and Banker there; upon whom I had credit from Mr. *Conclere*, another agreeable young Gentleman of the same Business at MARSEILLES.

Leaving LYONS, and willing to escape with all possible expedition from my own Society, I made what Speed I could to PARIS, where I expected to find myself at home.

Nor

Nor was I disappointed : For there, besides the good Luck of meeting with several agreeable old Acquaintances, I was very soon introduced to a new Set ; whom I found extremely obliging, and much to my Taste.

PARIS as a City does not much shine with ostentatious Graces ; for the *Hotels*, the
palaces

palaces where the nobility live, are quite retired from the Streets, to whose elegance and dignity they seldom contribute any thing but a dead wall. In France I expected something more chearful and *riant* than I found in their Towns and buildings. The common dwelling Houses at PARIS, to judge by a few, which is indeed hardly fair, are gloomy, un-
finished

finished and slovenly; with heavy old-fashioned furniture. The frequent Fires in LONDON have perhaps one good effect; as they make room for daily opportunities of improving in the most useful Species of Architecture, by which you procure one chief Article in a happy Life, a neat cleanly convenient chearful Habitation.

As

As to their royal Palaces ;
 there is an aim at Magnifi-
 cence in the *Louvre*, and its
 neighbouring buildings. But
 all is straggling and imperfect ;
 a great plan of Architecture
 begun by the *immortal* Louis ;
 still advancing with a loitering
 progress, and likely to remain
 a dirty, dusty, uncomfortable,
 embarrassing Object of Im-
 perfection, without any rea-
 sonable

sonable prospect of its ever being finished, or much regret perhaps if it never should. A building carried on at a great Expence, for the Reception of Kings that possibly enough will never pass a night at Paris. However, it does some good by employing People that might otherwise starve, or prove troublesome Members of Society.

F

The

The little Garden belonging to the *Palais royale* is a chearful *rendez-vous* for the gay people who pass great part of the forenoon in the publick Walks. But the *Thuilleries* is a Spot not quite so agreeable as I expected to find it. One end is a melancholy Grove of tall trees divided into walks; but it does not appear that there is ever any verdure be-

low. The other, next the Buildings, is an insipid naked Parterre, diversified with whimsical trifling Flower knots and borders, in what is commonly called the Dutch Taste: tho' it seems to prevail not a little in France and Italy too; where, as far as I had access to know, the Gardens are sufficiently Gothic, unnatural, disagreeable, and in general much neglected.

A better Taste in Gardening has within these few years shot up in England than I believe any other Country in Europe can shew. I say within these few years; because in this Observation I don't include some Gardens that have been long celebrated: Some for neatness, regularity of Walks, smooth-shaven Terrases and Hedges, and perhaps a Canal

of still water with a Fall across
of about half a foot high:
Others for such Statuary work
as would be laughed at even in
Westminster-Abbey; or a con-
ceited display of unmeaning
Architecture in Obelisks, Py-
ramids, Columns, Bridges,
Ruins, Temples, and other
impertinent whims that stare
you in the Face at every Turn-
ing. Yes, you must erect a

Temple of *Concord*, truly!
 of *Fortitude*, to be sure!—
 of *Public Spirit*, an't please
 Heaven!—of the *Muses*, of
Taste, above all Things in the
 World!—and perhaps a Tem-
 ple of *Friendship*, to the Me-
 mory of one who at heart de-
 spised you.—I would down with
 all these unmeaning imperti-
 nent childish *Ornaments* in a
 great hurry.—I would not
 bom-

bombard them, because they may supply materials for some pieces of Architecture, which might with great Propriety and some Use adorn your Garden much more effectually than all those mis-placed absurd fantastic Trifles. The Architecture of a Garden should consist of the Gardener's house; with a number of little neat Cottages, for the reception of such honest

sober industrious cleanly People as are employed in the various Operations of the Garden, or the different Branches of Husbandry in your Farm. Others by way of a comfortable Retreat for such of your superannuated Servants as have deserved better of you than to be thrown upon the Parish; to starve nastily, and end their days in melancholy misery
amongst

amongst a herd of beastly prophane Wretches. A large inclosure for Poultry and Birds of different kinds, which will add to the agreeable and useful Variety of your Garden, will require a small habitation for the Matron who superintends that innocent amusing Family. It is needless to mention the Green-house, or the Orangerie; but the Garden is a very proper

per.

per place for your cold Bath. The Bee-houfe may be a fine rural Ornament; the Dairy as neat and elegant a little Building as if it was the Temple of *Pales*; and the Larder might in miniature imitate the Temple of the four, or if you please the eight *Winds*. Tho' most Grottos are extremely silly and childish, I would not despise one by way of Repository

tory for your Collection of curious Shells, sub-marine Plants, Pebbles, Minerals, and Fossils of every kind ; and at the same time an agreeable Retirement with a few Friends in a hot afternoon. But neither in the Garden nor any where else would I admit that unnatural, though universally admired *Ornament*, of which I am surprized that nobody has ever,
to

to my knowledge, hitherto
 complained; that monstrous
 Conceit, that aukward Struggle
 against Nature, called a *Jette*
 ✕ *d' Eau*; whether it Spirts or
 Spins in ridiculous threads, or
 boils up in laborious billows.
 A stream bursting from the
 Side of a Mountain is a grand
 and a natural Object; and if
 you have Water enough, the
 best thing you can do by way
 of

of Shew is to send it without ceremony over a Rock. But never expect to produce any Sight either magnificent, or beautiful, or agreeable, or any thing that is not thoroughly de-
 picable, by labouring to counter-act the unalterable Laws of Nature,

The *beau-monde*, or the idle
 People of Fashion, at Paris
 divide

divide their Time very agreeably. They pass the greatest part of the forenoon as I have just observed in the public Gardens; where it is a common thing to see the Ladies sitting in little *Parties*, some knitting, others busy at different kinds of needle-work, amusing themselves in making up the various little elegancies of Dress; and such Gentlemen as
happen .

happen not to belong to those *Parties*, here and there lounging or fauntring about with a Book in their hand. They sit down to dinner about one; the public Entertainments begin at five and continue till eight; after which they pass the time in the public Walks till the hour of Supper. As to their dramatic Entertainments, I frequented them the less

less, because I don't hear very well, and the Players in general speak too fast for my ear. However, I must take the liberty to observe, what every body that has ever been at Paris knows, that the Harlequin at the *Italian* Comedy is a pleasant Fellow, who says a great many wild shrewd satirical things, to the great mirth and entertainment of the Audience;

very

very different from the indecent profligate Mute, which under the same name amuses the Town here, to its own disgrace and that of the English Stage. This senseless bustling Animal hardly partakes of any thing human except the Figure, and if that was not in some measure disguised, the most impudent Fool in London would hardly have effrontery enough

to appear in such an unbecoming Part; though it is sometimes performed by a sensible modest Man, who is one of the most pleasant and judicious Comedians that has for many years enlivened the Theatres here. At the *French Comedie* the Heroes stalk about in their Buskins as high I suppose as ever: but the Company very seldom exhibits a Tragedy of *Corneille,*

Corneille, Racine, or Crebillon,
 or a Comedy of the incom-
 parable *Moliere*. They chuse
 rather to entertain the Town,
 which seems to be very passive
 in this respect, with some insi-
 pid new Play; I suppose be-
 cause they find it much easier
 to speak cold Dialogue, if it is
 ever so noisy pert or frothy,
 than to represent a well-mark'd
 Character, and express the

various Passions naturally.

Sometimes the evening's Entertainment consists of two or three little detached pieces.

At the same time they have Players who seem to possess very considerable Comic powers; and I saw a Lady who acquitted herself with great Spirit and Judgment in Tragedy. One circumstance is

remarkable enough, that the

Players

Players never look sharp out for a Clap, nor do they take any notice of it when it comes.

Phædra never courtesies to the Audience for the loudest Applauses bestowed upon *Mademoiselle Du Mesnil*. It is surely enough that the Players as soon as the Play is over make one general Acknowledgment to the Spectators; as they do with very graceful Bows and Courtesies.

In general there seems to be much good Sense and Propriety in the Behaviour of the French in common Life. I have heard much of their Levity, but saw very little of it; and to me they appear as solid and serious as most other People. Their politeness and agreeable manners are universally acknowledged. But some tell you this is the effect of Vanity.

Let

Let it be granted for once:
Whatever be the Cause, I like
the Effect.—And pray what
Nation is not vain? What
Individual is not, in one Shape
or another; at least as far as
love of Praise belongs to Va-
nity. Vanity is at the bottom
of most human actions, good
or bad; just according to every
one's Taste of Fame. And
though your Manner and

Conversation may be deeply enough tinged with Vanity, I have no objection to it as long as it does not shock mine.—To be pleased with one's self I suppose belongs to the Idea of Vanity : Yet surely it is one of the kindest Gifts that Heaven has bestowed upon human Nature ; and without it you can neither be happy in yourself, nor agreeable to others.

After

After all, it is making but an ungrateful return for civil Offices to suppose them the effect of mere Vanity. There is something detestably ungenerous and malignant in this way of thinking. While you are treated with great attention and complaisance, and perhaps even at a great expence, can you be so unmannerly and impertinent as to whisper to your Neighbour, *But there's*

no Sincerity in all this—What Sincerity d'ye want or expect? —What d'ye mean by Sincerity?—Are you always distrustful of a Person's Sincerity except when he's saying or doing something to disoblige you?—It is surely time enough to complain of a man's insincerity when he has come short of his Professions to you; when he flatters you to your face and laughs at you as soon

as your back is turned; or when it appears that he has been cajoling on purpose to over-reach you.

But why not charitably ascribe the French Complaisance to Humanity, and the pleasure of obliging? If it were possible to compare things of this Nature, perhaps France, notwithstanding the agreeable behaviour of its Inhabitants in

2 general,

general, could supply as many Instances of disinterested Humanity Friendship and Generosity, as any other Spot equally populous in Europe; suppose it even where the original Manners of the Natives are the least corrupted with civil Education, and the Infection of a polished Society.—I have my eye at present upon two particular Instances of their native

Humanity

Humanity and Good-nature,

At Paris, if two people quarrel

in the Streets—instead of mak-

ing a Circle round them to

enjoy the Sport, under the

pretence of preventing foul-

play, every body runs to part

them. But you'll say, this is

mere *Vanity*, and *there's no*

Sincerity in all this.—

There is something extremely

▪

amiable

amiable in the common behaviour of the French to their *Domestics*, whom they treat with an engaging Familiarity, and almost upon the footing of Companions. It must be one of the most disagreeable and mortifying Circumstances of Servitude, to those who perhaps were born with as delicate Sensations as their Superiors, to be kept constantly

at

at a forbidding Distance, and by a cold supercilious Behaviour made incessantly to feel their Subjection. The condition of an humble Dependant, a modest Inferior, whose Liberty in some degree you have purchased for a certain Term, ought to be sacred from all needless hardships, from all Mortifications and Indignities. The French are remarkable

markable for the practice of this moral *Etiquette*; and I believe they are not the worse served for it.

Before I finish this tedious account of things, which perhaps many of my Readers have seen at much more leisure, and reflected upon with more taste and judgment than I can pretend to have done; I think

it

it not impertinent to observe that the most grievous Tax upon the Pleasures of travelling in such parts of France and Italy as I have seen, is the want of Cleanliness in their Houses and Cookery. The Dutch are extremely neat in most things; but the English for universal Cleanliness perhaps excel all other Nations in Europe. Yet in one or two

H articles

articles the French are said to be more delicate : For instance, they never drink after one another out of the same Cup. It is to be wished that this piece of Delicacy were more commonly practised in Britain : But people are not apt to feel much distress from those slovenly habits to which they have been accustomed from their Infancy. In England too, with

with all its Cleanlinefs, there is fome room to be apprehenfive of a Practice fo nafty that it is almoft too horrible to be mentioned ; and it never fhould, but as an attempt to give fome Check to it. For in this Cafe, to difcover the Difcafe makes you mafter of its Cure. I have oftener than once—before dinner—in the Kitchin of a London Tavern, found one of the

Waiters—under the hands of his *Friseur*!—How far the practice of this and other Operations very improper for the Kitchen, which ought always to be most inviolably clean, may extend over the habitable World, it is difficult to say. But such abominations may happen in Families of the most perfect elegance; especially
where

where the Lady of the House never sees her own Kitchin.

So much for the *Travels* of Mr. Lancelot Temple, you'll say. His account of some things might have been more exact than perhaps they are; if he did not write entirely from Recollection, and without so much as one Scrap of a
Note

Note or Memorandum. For
he never dreamt of *exposing*
his *Travels* to the Public till a
good while after his Return.

The END.



